HIS LOVE STORY

By MARIE VAN VORST

ILLUSTRATIONS By RAY WALTERS

SYNOPSIS.

—2—

Le Comte de Sabron, captain of French cavalry, takes to his quarters to raise by hand a motherless Irish terrier pup, and names it Pitchoune. He dines with the Marquise d'Esclignac and meets Miss Julia Redmond, American heiress, who sings for him an English ballad that lingers in his memory.

CHAPTER III—Continued.

That evening the Marquise d'Esclignac read aloud to her niece the news that the Count de Sabron was not coming to dinner. He was "absolutely desolated" and had no words to express his regret and disappointment. The pleasure of dining with them both, a pleasure to which he had looked forward for a fortnight, must be renounced because he was obliged to sit up with a very sick friend, as there was no one else to take his place. In expressing his undying devotion and his renewed excuses he put his homage at their feet and kissed their hands.

The Marquise d'Esclignac, wearing another very beautiful dress, looked up at her niece, who was playing at the piano.

"A very poor excuse, my dear Julia, and a very late one."

"It sounds true, however. I believe him, don't you, ma tante?"

"I do not," said the marquise emphatically. "A Frenchman of good education is not supposed to refuse a dinner invitation an hour before he is expected. Nothing but a case of life and death would excuse it."

"He says a 'very sick friend.'"

"Nonsense," exclaimed the marquise.

Miss Redmond played a few bars of the tune Sabron had hummed and which more than once had soothed Pitchoune, and which, did she know, Sabron was actually humming at that moment.

"I am rather disappointed," said the young girl, "but if we find it is a matter of life and death, ma tante, we will forgive him?"

The Marquise d'Esclignac had invited the Count de Sabron because she had been asked to do so by his colonel, who was an old and valued friend. She had other plans for her niece.

"I feel, my dear," she answered her now, "quite safe in promising that if it is a question of life and death we shall forgive him. I shall see his colonel tomorrow and ask him pointblank."

Miss Redmond rose from the piano and came over to her aunt, for dinner had been announced.

"Well, what do you think," she slipped her hand in her aunt's arm, "really, what do you think could be the reason?"

"Please don't ask me," exclaimed the Marquise d'Esclignac impatiently. "The reasons for young men's caprices are sometimes just as well not inquired into."

If Sabron, smoking in his bachelor quarters, lonely and disappointed, watching with an extraordinary fidelity by his "sick friend," could have seen the two ladies at their grand solitary dinner, his unfilled place between them, he might have felt the picture charming enough to have added to his collection.

CHAPTER IV.

The Dog Pays.

Pitchoune repaid what was given him.

He did not think that by getting well, reserving the right for the rest of his life to a distinguished limp in his right leg, that he had done all that was expected of him. He developed an ecstatic devotion to the captain, impossible for any human heart adequately to return. He followed Sabron like a shadow and when he could not follow him, took his place on a chair in the window, there to sit, his sharp profile against the light, his pointed ears forward, watching for the uniform he knew and admired extravagantly.

Pitchoune was a thoroughbred, and every muscle and fiber showed it, every hair and point asserted it, and he loved as only thoroughbreds can. You may say what you like about mongrel attachments, the thoroughbred in all cases reserves his brilliancy for crises.

Sabron, who had only seen Miss Redmond twice and thought about her countless times, never quite forgave his friend for the illness that kept him from the chateau. There was in Sabron's mind, much as he loved Pitchoune, the feeling that if he had gone that night . . .

There was never another invitation!

"Voyons, mon cher," his colonel had said to him kindly the next time he met him, "what stupidity have you been guilty of at the Chateau d'Esclignac?"

Poor Sabron blushed and shrugged his shoulders.

"I assure you," said the colonel, "that I did you harm there without knowing it. Madame d'Esclignac, who is a very clever woman, asked me with interest and sympathy, who your 'very sick friend' could be. As no one was very sick according to my knowledge I told her so. She seemed triumphant and I saw at once that I had put you in the wrong."

It would have been simple to have explained to the colonel, but Sabron, reticent and reserved, did not choose to do so. He made a very insufficient excuse, and the colonel, as well as the marquise, thought ill of him. He learned later, with chagrin, that his friends were gone from the Midi. Rooted to the spot himself by his duties, he could not follow them. Meanwhile Pitchoune thrived, grew, cheered his loneliness, jumped over a stick, learned a trick or two from Brunet and a great many fascinating wiles and ways, no doubt inherited from his mother. He had a sense of humor truly Irish, a power of devotion that we designate as "canine," no doubt because no member of the human race has ever deserved it.

CHAPTER V.

The Golden Autumn.

Sabron longed for a change with autumn, when the falling leaves made the roads golden roundabout the Chateau d'Esclignac. He thought he would like to go away. He rode his horse one day up to the property of the hard-hearted unforgiving lady and, finding the gate open, rode through the grounds up to the terrace. Seeing no one, he sat in his saddle looking over the golden country to the Rhone and the castle of the good King Rene, where the autumn mists were like banners floating from towers.

There was a solitary beauty around the lovely place that spoke to the young officer with a sweet melancholy. He fancied that Miss Redmond must often have looked out from one of the windows, and he wondered which one. The terrace was deserted and leaves from the vines strewed it with red and golden specters. Pitchoune raced after them, for the wind started them flying, and he rolled his tawny little body over and over in the rustling leaves. Then a rabbit, which before the arrival of Sabron had been sitting comfortably on the terrace stones, scuttled away like mad, and Pitchoune, somewhat hindered by his limp, tore after it.

The deserted chateau, the fact that there was nothing in his military life beyond the routine to interest him now in Tarascon, made Sabron eagerly look forward to a change, and he waited for letters from the minister of war which would send him to a new post.

The following day after his visit to the chateau he took a walk, Pitchoune at his heels, and stood aside in the highroad to let a yellow motor pass him, but the yellow motor at that moment drew up to the side of the road while the chauffeur got out to adjust some portion of the mechanism. Someone leaned from the yellow motor window and Sabron came forward to speak to the Marquise d'Esclignac and another lady by her side.

Stood Aside to Let a Motor Pass Him.

"How do you do, Monsieur? Do you remember us?"

(Had he ever forgotten them?) He regretted so very much not having been able to dine with them in the spring.

"And your sick friend?" asked Madame d'Esclignac keenly, "did he recover?"

"Yes," said Sabron, and Miss Redmond, who leaned forward, smiled at him and extended her pretty hand. Sabron opened the motor door.

"What a darling dog!" Miss Redmond cried. "What a bewitching face he has! He's an Irish terrier, isn't he?"

Sabron called Pitchoune, who diverted his attention from the chauffeur to come and be hauled up by the collar and presented. Sabron shook off his reticence.

"Let me make a confession," he said with a courteous bow. "This is my 'very sick friend.' Pitchoune was at the point of death the night of your dinner and I was just leaving the house when I realized that the helpless little chap could not weather the breeze without me. He had been run over by a bicycle and he needed some very special care."

Miss Redmond's hand was on Pitchoune's head between his pointed ears. She looked sympathetic. She looked amused. She smiled.

"It was a question of 'life and death,' wasn't it?" she said eagerly to Sabron.

"Really, it was just that," answered the young officer, not knowing how significant the words were to the two ladies.

Then Madame d'Esclignac knew that she was beaten and that she owed something and was ready to pay. The chauffeur got upon his seat and she asked suavely:

"Won't you let us take you home, Monsieur Sabron?"

He thanked them. He was walking and had not finished his exercise.

"At all events," she pursued, "now that your excuse is no longer a good one, you will come this week to dinner, will you not?"

He would, of course, and watched the yellow motor drive away in the autumn sunlight, wishing rather less for the order from the minister of war to change his quarters than he had before.

CHAPTER VI.

Ordered Away.

He had received his letter from the minister of war. Like many things we wish for, set our hopes upon, when they come we find that we do not want them at any price. The order was unwelcome. Sabron was to go to Algiers.

Winter is never very ugly around Tarascon. Like a lovely bunch of fruit in the brightest corner of a happy vineyard, the Midi is sheltered from the rude experiences that the seasons know farther north. Nevertheless, rains and winds, sea-born and vigorous, had swept in and upon the little town. The mistral came whistling and Sabron, from his window, looked down on his little garden from which summer had entirely flown. Pitchoune, by his side, looked down as well, but his expression, different from his master's, was ecstatic, for he saw sliding along the brick wall, a cat with which he was on the most excited terms. His body tense, his ears forward, he gave a sharp series of barks and little soft growls, while his master tapped the window-pane to the tune of Miss Redmond's song.

Although Sabron had heard it several times, he did not know the words or that they were of a semi-religious, extremely sentimental character which would have been difficult to translate into French. He did not know that they ran something like this:

God keep you safe, my love,
All through the night;
Rest close in his encircling arms
Until the light.

And there was more of it. He only knew that there was a pathos in the tune which spoke to his warm heart; which caressed and captivated him and which made him long deeply for a happiness he thought it most unlikely he would ever know.

There had been many pictures added to his collection: Miss Redmond at dinner, Miss Julia Redmond—he knew her first name now—before the piano; Miss Redmond in a smart coat, walking with him down the alley, while Pitchoune chased flying leaves and apparitions of rabbits hither and thither.

The Count de Sabron had always dreaded just what happened to him. He had fallen in love with a woman beyond his reach, for he had no fortune whatsoever, nothing but his captain's pay and his hard soldier's life, a wanderer's life and one which he hesitated to ask a woman to share. In spite of the fact that Madame d'Esclignac was agreeable to him, she was not cordial, and he understood that she did not consider him a parti for her niece. Other guests, as well as he, had shared her hospitality. He had been jealous of them, though he could not help seeing Miss Redmond's preference for himself. Not that he wanted to help it. He recalled that she had really sung to him, decidedly walked by his side when there had been more than the quartette, and he felt, in short, her sympathy.

"Pitchoune," he said to his companion, "we are better off in Algiers, mon vieux. The desert is the place for us. We shall get rid of fancies there and do some hard fighting one way or another."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Worth While Quotation.

The pleasure that we take in beautiful nature is essentially capricious. It comes sometimes when we least look for it, and sometimes, when we expect it most certainly, it leaves us to gape joylessly for days together. We may have passed a place a thousand times and one, and on the thousand and second it will be transfigured, and stand forth in a certain splendor of reality from the dull circle of surroundings, so that we see it "with a child's first pleasure," as Wordsworth saw the daffodils by the lakeside.—Robert Louis Stevenson.

Sure to Get What He Wanted.

The doctor told him he needed carbohydrates, proteids, and above all, something nitrogenous. The doctor mentioned a long list of foods for him to eat. He staggered out and wabbled into a restaurant.

"How about beefsteak?" he asked the waiter. "Is that nitrogenous?" The waiter didn't know.

"Are fried potatoes rich in carbohydrates or not?"

The waiter couldn't say.

"Well, I'll fix it," declared the poor man in despair. "Bring me a large plate of hash."

MANKIND'S DEBT TO BIRDS

Work Done by Winged Carriers of Seeds Is as a General Thing Underestimated.

Now and then we see a thriving bit of grass or a flowering plant perched in some impossible niche, high in a wall or chimney. Sometimes the wind has carried the seed there and with the help of a little dust and some rain, the seed has found sufficient encouragement to sprout.

But it is not so often the wind as it is the birds, who have deposited the seed. Sometimes it has dropped from their beaks in flight, but more often it has passed undigested through the intestines and falls well fertilized to sprout. This is especially true in dry seasons, when the birds swallow less grit and so the seeds swallowed are not so readily ground up.

If it were not for the birds our Christmas supply of mistletoe and holly would be very scarce, as in the case of the parasite mistletoe especially, the seeds from the berries would rarely, without birds' help, find their way up to the limbs of trees, where they can attach themselves to the bark and gain the needed assistance.

Cause of Bad Manners.

Pride, ill nature, and want of sense are the three great sources of ill manners; without one of these defects no man will behave himself ill for want of experience of what in the language of fools is called knowing the world.—Dean Swift

HOUSE DESIGNED FOR LARGE LOT

Structure Most Suitable for Erection in Small Town or Village.

LAID OUT FOR SIX ROOMS

Proper Arrangement of Light Is One of the Features That Make the Building Eminently Desirable —Buffet in Dining Room a Feature.

By WILLIAM A. RADFORD.

Mr. William A. Radford will answer questions and give advice FREE OF COST on all subjects pertaining to the subject of building, for the readers of this paper. On account of his wide experience as Editor, Author and Manufacturer, he is, without doubt, the highest authority on all these subjects. Address all inquiries to William A. Radford, No. 1827 Prairie avenue, Chicago, Ill., and only enclose two-cent stamp for reply.

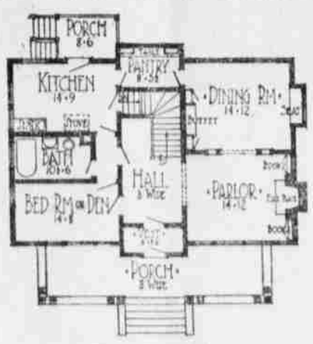
The fashion of building a house with considerable width of frontage is prevalent in a great many towns and villages of the middle West. Ordinarily, such houses require wide lots, which probably is the principal reason why they are not so much built in cities, where land values are very much greater.

In most towns and villages the residence streets are lined with shade trees, so that after the noon hour there is considerable shade, which is a great relief from the hot morning sun. It is noticeable that a shady lawn usually is cool. Large shade trees, with the branches trimmed up a distance of twelve or fifteen feet above the ground, are said to possess a suction which draws the air under the branches and creates a breeze even on a comparatively still day. The real reason is that there always is a breath of air moving across the landscape. When the advancing current of air meets an obstruction like a tree, it parts and passes around the object in every direction. Part of the moving air is compressed between the tree branches and the ground. Because of the restricted area the air moves faster, which accounts for the pleasant sensation of a light breeze that is so often noticed under shade trees in the summertime.

This house should be built on a lot at least fifty feet in width—sixty feet would be better. The frontage may be either north or west. If it is necessary to front towards the east it would be better to reverse the floor plans and put the living rooms on the sunny side of the house. It makes a great difference in the comfort of a house to have the living rooms face in the most desirable direction.

The general appearance of this house from the street is exceptionally interesting and pleasing. There is something light and airy and clean-looking about the design and finish.

The house is constructed in the usual way of building a wooden house over a solid cellar or basement wall of stone, brick or concrete. The materials for the wall must be selected according to the locality. Stone, sand, lime, cement, etc., are heavy commodities, so that freight rates mount up. For that reason each community has figured out the cheapest and most satisfactory way of building up to the surface of the ground. If cellar-wall material is locally convenient, the walls are carried up to the bottom of the first floor joists. If cellar-wall material is scarce or expensive, then cellar walls usually extend only to the surface of the ground.



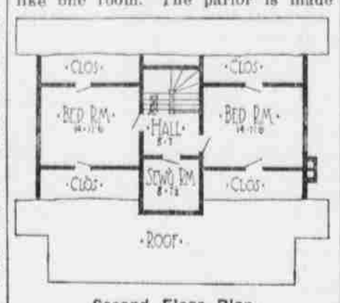
First Floor Plan.

A sill is laid on top of this low wall and the studding started from the sill in the usual way, but there is a furring strip gained into the studding two or three feet above the top of the wall. This furring strip supports the floor joists, so that the cellar is given the usual height of 7½ feet of headroom, and $50 or $100 is saved in the cost of construction. These details are worked out locally regardless of the general plan of the superstructure, because it makes no alteration in the manner of building except that the studdings are two or three feet longer, more or less.

The plan of this house provides for four rooms and a bathroom on the first floor, and there are two bedrooms and a sewing room on the second floor. The sewing room is lighted by the front dormer. The back dormer window lights the stairway. These dormers are very artistically designed as a relief to the long sloping roof, as well as for admitting light to the center of the upper story.

The two bedrooms are lighted by double windows in the gables. The fashion of using double windows is a good one for looks as well as for light. Large gables require some kind of an interruption to the general smooth, straight siding as a relief. For that reason the wide projection of roof shuts away some of the light, so that when single windows are used in this capacity the bedrooms are likely to be somewhat dark. The bedrooms are 14 by 11 feet 6 inches in size, with four extra large clothes closets or store rooms. This is a way of utilizing every square foot of floor space down to a point where the roof comes within a few feet of the floor.

The downstairs rooms are very nicely arranged for comfort and for convenience in doing the house work. The parlor and the dining room, being connected by a wide archway, are almost like one room. The parlor is made



Second Floor Plan.

very attractive by the large chimney and fireplace, with bookcases in the corners. These bookcases are about five feet in height, which necessitates the placing of the windows over these bookcases at considerable height; but there is an advantage in this, because the light comes from a different angle, and these small high windows, in connection with the triple window in front, light the parlor in a very satisfactory manner. Likewise the dining room is lighted by the wide windows in the rear wall and by two narrower windows in the box seat.

A built-in buffet is constructed against the blank wall in the dining room. The woodwork of the buffet corresponds with the other woodwork in the dining room and the parlor. The same general design is used in the front hall. The idea is to select a style of finish that is suitable to the house and to have all the living rooms finished in the same pattern.

There is one bedroom downstairs, which may be used for a den or an office, if so desired. One of these houses was built for a doctor, and he used this little room for office purposes, although he found it necessary to make one or two slight changes.

The arrangement of the kitchen, pantry and back porch is very satisfactory and it makes a perfect workshop. The porch is an adjunct to the kitchen in the summer time, and the pantry makes a storage room the year round. Also the stairway leading down to the cellar is conveniently placed. The windows lighting the kitchen are so arranged as to provide light where it is most needed.

Queer Orchid Freaks.

An extraordinary collection of plants, many of them hitherto unknown, is to be exhibited in New York city by Harry J. Black, an American, who has spent years in Bolivia, Peru and Brazil, hunting orchids and other strange flora. The collection of orchids which he is bringing with him to the show is valued at $75,000. Among his other flowers, one specimen is so sensitive that it closes its petals in fright at a sharp noise. Others wilt into unconsciousness if anesthetics are applied to their leaves. A species of Jatropha, from Colombia, secretes a poison, which it shoots through two fangs like a serpent's when touched, and the sting is deadly. Another stinging plant is covered with coarse hairs, and when one of them is snapped enough poison is discharged to kill a man.

Hen as Trained Nurse.

Johnny Hillyard, six-year-old son of Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Hillyard, who live near Gillis, on the Mount Hood railway, owns a black Minorca hen, which he would not trade for the best hen on earth nor for her weight in silver.

Recently Johnny was taken sick and confined to his bed in a tent for several days. The Minorca hen, disconsolate over the loss of her playmate, refused to eat until she discovered where the boy was, and then she "camped" in front of the tent. Nothing could drive her away. While the mother was away and the boy was asleep, the hen flew on the bed and laid an egg on the pillow by the side of the sleeping boy.—Portland (Ore.) Dispatch to Seattle Times.

Protecting Art Treasures.

At the British Museum just now visitors have an opportunity of seeing something of the extensive precautions which the authorities are taking for the protection of the national collections. The Elgin marbles have been left in site, and are being packed in an elaborate arrangement consisting of timber, sandbags and noninflammable slag cotton. A similar course is being taken in the case of the Layard sculptures, the removal of which would be attended with considerable risk.

YOUTH FOUND A WAY OUT

Proof That There Are More Ways Than One of Effecting Separation From Obnoxious Job.

A boy who went to work in the Hotel Sherman running an elevator tired of the job and wanted to quit. He was told that it was customary to give notice and that he would have to stay until his month was up; that if he left sooner he might forfeit his pay.

The next morning he stopped the car on signal at an upper floor and Eugene Beifeld, son of the proprietor, got aboard.

"Good morning, Gene," said the conductor. "Fine day, isn't it?"

Gene said nothing until he reached the manager's desk, when he exclaimed:

"Fire that fresh kid in the first elevator. Pay him off right away as I don't want him around here another minute."—Chicago Herald.

Case Hopeless.

"Excuse me, ma'am, but my time is up and I think I'll go."

"But, Mamie, you are a fine upstairs girl, and I thought you were going to stay. Be reasonable. What is the matter?"

"Well, ma'am, when you went shopping yesterday, didn't you lock up your desk so that not a single letter could be read?"

"I did."

"And when the family is at dinner, there isn't a decent, comfortable place behind a door for me to sit and listen to the conversation. And when you are out nights, do you lock up the piano and phonograph?"

"We do."

"Then, ma'am, I'm going, and let me tell you as long as you do these things you'll get no decent, self-respecting girl to work for you."—Life

Why?

Psychological Mag—I can read minds.

Engineer—Yuk ken? Ken yuh read mine?

Psy.—Certainly.

Eng.—Why don't yuh hit me, then?—Chaparral.

Paradox of Poverty.

"It's so hard to be poor."

"And so easy."—Boston Evening Transcript.

Happiness can be spelled with four letters—l-o-v-e.

OTHER REASON A GOOD ONE

Owner of Fowls Justified in Assertion That He Would Get No Eggs From Frightened Chicks.

Young Adolphus de Milyuns was out driving his own car. He was a scorcher and believed in going straight ahead. It was in the heart of Yorkshire.

Suddenly a terrific clucking under the wheels told him some accident had happened. He pulled up and glanced back. Two fowls lay dead in his track, while another two were fleeing, screeching, back to home and safety.

"That'll be 14 shillings, please," remarked a burly man in corduroys, who appeared on the scene promptly; "that's three-and-six apiece for the four."

"Four!" gasped Adolphus. "But I only killed two."

"That's right," agreed the fowls' owner, "but them other two will never lay a blessed egg after this."

"I'm sorry," said the motorist, as he handed over the money. "Due to the fright, I suppose?"

The countryman shook his head as he slammed the silver into his pocket. "Partly fright," he agreed slowly, "but mainly, I reckon, it's because they ain't hens!"—Rehoboth Sunday Herald.

Tanned Shad.

The housewife examined the shad on the counter.

"I don't believe it is strictly fresh," she said. "It hasn't that pink tint around the gills."

"Oh, yes, mum, it's all right," returned the fish man; "but you see, mum, when a fish has been to sea for some time it's bound to get sort o' tanned up."

Difference Between Miss and Mrs.

A second grade teacher had difficulty in getting the children to distinguish between Miss and Mrs. They would insist on saying one when they meant the other. Finally, to make the distinction more clear, she said: "John, what is the difference between Miss and Mrs.?"

Whereupon John, one of the slowest children in the room, startled her with the answer, "Mister."

Wooden.

The trees were leaving, and when the hackman came to take away the trunks the willows were weeping and the dogwood began to bark.